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I never shall forget how kindly my minister addressed me, as I once asked his advice on an important undertaking.

See page 20th.

MY MINISTER,

OR

SKETCHES OF THE CHARACTER

OF

REV. CHARLES JENKINS,

LATE OF PORTLAND.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY,
Author of 'Common Incidents,' and 'My Teacher.'

PORTLAND:
S. H. COLESWORTHY.
1833.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE subject of these sketches, the Rev. CHARLES JENKINS, late pastor of the third Congregational Church in Portland, is well known to the Christian public as a man eminent for piety — a minister after God's own heart. He was truly a remarkable man, and not till his labors had ceased was his worth duly appreciated. He never spoke but to some purpose. But *such* men speak even when they are dead. His writings, his sayings are treasures indeed — apples of gold in pictures of silver. Feeling the importance of a preservation of some of his thoughts, though many of them loosely dropped, which would otherwise be forgotten and lost, has induced the author to write the following pages. In much diffidence he presents them to the public, with no other motive, than that they may do good, and lead others to the same life of devotion and piety.

JULY, 1833.

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MY MINISTER.

CHAPTER I.

When any one is called to leave the little circle in which he moved below, to join the assembly of the 'just made perfect' above, we sensibly feel our loss; but never more so, than when a faithful shepherd is removed from his beloved flock. When a minister dies — such a one as never shunned to declare the whole counsel of God — who was always ready to pour the balm of consolation into the mourner's breast, and soothe and comfort the afflicted and the distressed — when such a one is no more,

many hearts are filled with grief and sorrow. I remember very well my own feelings, when I heard of the sudden exit of the devoted and successful pastor, under whose preaching I had sat for many years, and for whom I felt a very strong attachment. He was cut down in the midst of his years — in the dawn of his usefulness. At noon his sun went down. The cause of his divine Master lay near his heart; and he was never weary in the performance of duty. He besought, warned, entreated sinners to be reconciled to God. He appealed to the conscience and the heart, and his words did not unfrequently take effect. He was gifted with much native talent. He was often eloquent. In his daily conversation he used the utmost precaution that he offended not with his lips. None were more guarded in their speech than he. I have often wondered at his long silence, after a question had been put to him. He considered it in all its bearings, before the answer escaped from his lips. He was sincere in

every thing; and thus secured the affection of all who knew him.

Such was the man from whom I had heard expounded the oracles of God — from whom I had received advice and counsel — from whom I had learned to walk, as I humbly hope, as the children of light; but must confess to my shame, that I have come far short of my sainted pattern, in the fulfilment of duty. But he is no more; his voice is hushed in death. I shall never again behold him clothed in mortality. Often, at the tolling of the Sabbath bell, have I entered the house of God, since the removal of my pastor, and in imagination beheld him passing up the aisle, and entering the sacred desk. I cannot realize that he is no more. It appears almost incredible. But yesterday, as it were, in all the strength of manhood, he stood forth, active on the busy stage of life. To-day, he is gone. How often I am led to think of the brevity of life and the uncertainty of all human affairs. How true is Scripture, when it compares

man's existence to a shadow — a vapor — a flower of the field — the grass, which flourishes in the morning, and at night is cut down and withered. In a few days — a very few — I too shall be a slumberer beneath the valley's clod. And so, little reader, will you. Let us, then, walk as the children of God, and, day by day, be preparing for the glories of heaven.

CHAPTER II.

No one ever felt more the importance of the sacred office of the ministry, than did my pastor. He often trembled in view of the account he should have to render to his Judge, if he were not faithful to persuade, warn and entreat the impenitent to become the disciples of Jesus. But he was faithful: and I trust the reward of those who turn many to righteousness will be his. 'It is not the *labors* of ministers that wear them

out,' said he, 'but the *anxiety* they feel for the people under their charge.' And whole nights has he been known to lay awake, interceding with God, for those who were committed to his care. Thus did he wear out his life, in laboring for the good of sinners. He appeared to feel that his stay on earth was short — and that what he had to do must be done quickly. It was not his object merely to please — but to touch the heart. He never feared to speak to 'ears polite,' but affectionately besought *all* to walk in the narrow way of life. — The rich, the poor, the learned, the ignorant were alike told of their depravity of heart, in their interviews with him, as well as in the great congregation. For the young he felt a great deal; more than my feeble words can express. He often addressed them in a kind and tender manner; and when he died, they lost a friend — an inestimable friend, whose loss could not easily be made up. He was anxious that the children of his church should all be brought under re-

ligious instruction in the Sabbath school, and *early* be made acquainted with Jesus. But it was no easy matter for him to address a congregation of children. 'The most difficult sermons I write,' said he to me, 'are those addressed to children — I cannot easily bring down my ideas to their capacity.' But it is hoped the precious seeds sown in their hearts by him, were not wholly lost.

Dear children, as one and another of your *best* friends are removed by death, be prepared yourselves to meet them in heaven.

The following *Paraphrase on the* 23d *Psalm*, was written by my minister, at the request of a young lady.

I shall not want — I shall not want,
For God my Shepherd will supply
The boundlessness for which I pant,
The quietness for which I sigh.

I shall not sink — I shall not sink,
Amid this restless toil for rest —
He 'll cheer me near the water's brink,
Upon the pasture's verdant breast.

I shall not stray — I shall not stray,
While here I tread life's mazy shore ;

He 'll lead me safely all the way,
My wanderings guide, my feet restore.

I shall not yield — I shall not yield
To foes, stern, threatning to destroy,
Since calm, beneath his guardian shield,
I share the cup of peaceful joy.

I shall not need — I shall not need
One real good that earth bestows,
While not upon its broken reed,
But on JEHOVAH I repose.

Nor shall I fear — nor shall I fear
To pass alone death's shadowy vale;
His own sweet comforts shall be there,
My Shepherd's staff can never fail.

Nor can I tell — nor can I tell,
When earth is passed, what I shall be;
But in his temple I shall dwell,
And love and praise eternally.

Reposing on Jehovah, in the language of a friend, my minister '*has* passed alone the shadowy vale of death; he *did* experience support from his Shepherd's staff — and he now dwells in the temple of God; he is singing halleluiahs to the Lamb.'

CHAPTER III.

This world is a world of affliction. None are exempted from those sorrows which fill the heart, when a near and dear friend is removed by death. The Christian and the worldling, the young and the old, must alike experience the bitterness of grief. And blessed is he, who can look through all the afflictions of life, and with child-like simplicity exclaim, 'It is my Father's rod —I will not repine.' My minister was often sorely afflicted, by the removal of one and another whom he dearly loved. But knowing that it is God who chastiseth for our good, he resignedly committed his dying friends into his hands, and found that comfort and consolation which the world can neither give nor take away. And he well knew how to comfort the sorrowing. He felt, he pitied, he prayed for them.— 'Do be comforted,' said he to one, who was

bowed down beneath a load of grief, after he had conversed freely on the kindness and compassion of God — 'Now, *do be comforted.*' And his words were refreshing to the afflicted soul.

My minister was severely tried by the death of his nearest earthly relative. The following extracts are from the sermon he preached a few Sabbaths after the afflictive event. Mark with what feeling every sentence is penned.

It is true indeed, that 'I am the man that hath seen affliction.' The tempest that blasted my hopes, has indeed, passed by — the billows that have long rolled over me, are beginning to subside; but they leave a dreary desolation — a cheerless expanse; a wide waste stretches around me. 'The solitary place' is not gladdened, and no blossoms smile along 'the wilderness of life.' 'The desire of my eyes' is taken away from me. Although she is not lost to happiness and heaven, she is lost for a season to me. I shall behold her face and hear her voice

no more. She is gone, and left me bereaved and desolate, 'like the pelican in the wilderness; like the sparrow alone on the house top.'

With the mass of mankind, life is 'a vale of tears.' They are made to drink deep and often of the bitter cup of adversity. Instead of basking on the sunny side of life, theirs is a painful passage through a desert world. Sorrow's tears incessantly fill their eyes. Their hearts are more frequently pierced with anguish, than thrilled with emotions of pleasure. And the gleams of joy, which sometimes dart upon their souls, are

'Like angels' visits, few and far between.'

When our friends are removed by death, they are 'put far away from us.' The dear spot where their loved ashes are slumbering, may indeed be within the limits of our daily walks. We may press with our throbbing bosoms the cold clods that rest upon theirs — we may water with our tears the green grass that waves over their lowly

bed — we may kiss the wild flower that there breathes its virgin fragrance; but *they* are not there. The grave does not take all. The immortal principle, the intelligent, conscious being is gone. The 'earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved' — but the soul has escaped from its ruins. From material scenes it has become a dweller in a spiritual world. Disencumbered of flesh and sense, it has gone to be forever the subject, either of spiritual joys, or of spiritual sorrows.

We shall go to our friends, but they will not return to us. The verdure of spring shall bloom and die upon their graves. The breeze of summer and the blasts of winter shall successively pour their varied music over their mouldering sepulcher. The earth shall continue to wheel its annual circuit. Those orbs which dart their devious flight amidst 'empyreal wastes,' shall again and again return from their long career of ages — but our deceased friends shall return *no more*.

Among the afflictions which are dreaded as most painful, and experienced as most overwhelming, is the removal of endeared friends by death. A variety of circumstances, however, may vary the degree of its intensity. Is the beloved object removed a child? The parent's heart must be wrung with untold anguish. Is it an *only* son? What nameless agonies must this circumstance occasion! Is it the only son of a widowed parent? Who can describe the degree of intensity which the accumulation of these circumstances must add to the affliction of losing a beloved child? But great as must be such a loss, and agonizing as must be such a bereavement, the affliction is undoubtedly surpassed, by the disruption of those ties which are entwined around the heart by conjugal endearment.

He or she who was one with you in taste, in sentiment, in hopes, in joys, and in sorrows, 'is put far away from you.' Perhaps you long watched around the agonized bed of your 'dearer self.' At that 'dreadful

post of observation' you saw the energies of life gradually decay. You beheld those eyes, which once were the mirror of thought, grow dull. You saw the countenance, which once was flushed with health, and gladdened with smiles, assume the ghastliness of death. Your ears drank in with eagerness the last expressions of the immortal mind, just beginning 'the travel of eternity.' And when the last hollow groan was over —

'Can you recollect the feeling?
No! there was no feeling there!
From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on you — ALONE.'

He *has* gone to his friend. But a few years' separation, and he is again united to her in the bonds of everlasting love.

How short is life! How soon will thy eyes, dear reader, be sealed in death — and this hand be motionless in the grave. O, that we might so live, that our end will be peace!

CHAPTER IV.

A young man was conversing with my minister, in relation to his pursuing a course of studies, preparatory to his entering the gospel ministry, when he asked him the question —

'Why do you wish to become a minister?'

'Because I think I can do more good,' was the reply.

'Are you now doing all the good you can in your present situation?'

The young man replied in the negative.

'If you are not,' continued my minister, 'how can you expect to do so much more good by entering the ministry?'

His gentle reproofs were such as to lead but few to doubt they were the words of a friend. And in the end he did gain the friendship of those whom he had occasion to reprove, and who at first thought him severe.

This beautiful hymn is from the pen of my minister, upon the words of Christ — 'Could ye not watch with me one hour?'

When mortal strength all withering dies,
And threatening dangers crowd the way,
Shall reckless slumbers close the eyes?
Who will not wake to watch and pray?

When *fleshly lusts* would still control
The heart, and reign securely there,
And war against the deathless soul —
'T is death to cease to watch in prayer.

When confidences, false and vain,
Invite, allure, deceive, betray;
They only safe in Christ remain,
Who wake to watch, and watch to pray.

When worldly friendship, soothing name,
More deadly proves than worldly hate,
Or persecution's fiercest flame —
Who will not watch at mercy's gate?

When doubts and fears in darkling waves,
Rush o'er the soul, and peace is gone,
Who will not fly to Him that saves?
Who will not watch with Christ alone?

And when the gates of Zion mourn
An absent Savior grieved away;
Who will not see his glad return?
Who will not wake to watch and pray?

Or when he comes with smiles of love,
And gifts for sinners blind and poor,
Can *heirs of God, born from above,*
Refuse to watch with him an hour?

O'er the brief space of life's career,
Tempests of trouble darkly lower —
But Jesus' smile the gloom can cheer;
Who will not watch with Christ an hour?

Little readers, will not you, one and all, 'watch and pray'? It is death, eternal death to refuse; and who of you are prepared to be banished from the joys of heaven; to dwell in devouring flames?

CHAPTER V.

I shall never forget how kindly my minister addressed me, as I once asked his advice on an important undertaking. His inquiries were — 'Have you considered it well? Do you think that, in this way, you can better promote the interests of Christ's kingdom? Do you feel willing to sacrifice

every thing, if so be, you can be instrumental of doing good?' 'You must consider,' said he, 'that it is a great thing to enter into the service of the Lord; and if we are unfaithful we shall but bring deeper anguish upon our souls.' And always before giving his advice, my minister would consider the subject in all its bearings, and set before the inquirer the obligations under which he would place himself, should he conclude to enter more immediately into the vineyard of the Lord. Never was one more jealous for the honor of religion than he. And he was always the same — never losing sight of his divine Master, no matter where, or in what circumstances he was placed. Who can doubt then, that such a man was beloved by the church of Christ on earth, and that many hearts bled when they heard the unwelcome news that a faithful pastor was no more?

The following touching stanzas, by my minister, were written for a little son, as an address to his father at sunrise, on a morn-

ing in spring. Since its first appearance it has been reprinted in some English publications.

Father, awake! it is not night;
The sun is up, the sky is bright,
The birds have left their leafy nests,
And joys are struggling from their breasts.

I cannot sleep: I hear them say,
'Morn is the childhood of the day;
Be up, for morn in life's career
Should be as cheerful, bright, and dear.

'Come forth and breathe the balmy air,
A thousand sweets are floating there,
A thousand sounds are mingling wild,
Come forth with us, fond waking child.'

Father, awake, and take thy boy
To hear this matin burst of joy,
To see the world all bright with dew;
Father, I want to go with you.

You told me, God, though very high,
Above the sun, above the sky,
Is praised by creatures here below —
The birds are praising him, I know.

And those soft twinkling of the leaves,
With every moan the ocean heaves,
Are all to him a grateful song —
Father, how can you sleep so long?

My little hymns, I think would please
His listening ear, as well as these,
If you would wake and teach my tongue
To join the birds in morning song.

I hear them now among the trees;
I hear the humming of the bees —
It seems as though my heart would break;
Father, dear father, do awake!

CHAPTER VI.

Our lives are like the grass which groweth up in the morning and flourisheth, but at night is cut down and withereth. How many of us have been in the company of the good and the lovely, and prided ourselves with their acquaintance, just ere the seeds of death were sown! James B. T— possessed an amiable disposition — was beloved by a large circle of friends — and gained the confidence of all. When I became acquainted with him he was just budding into manhood — was full of hope — and, doubtless, expected to see many years

of happiness. But He, who doeth all things well, cut him down before he had reached his eighteenth year. For a number of months previous to his death, I was with him more or less every week, and had a good opportunity to judge of his disposition and character. 'I feel unwell,' said he to me, towards the close of a day, 'and I cannot work any more. I must leave my business and go home.' He left, and I saw him no more, till clothed in the vestments of the tomb. He was confined to his bed a little more than a week, and then death closed his mortal career. When the sad truth reached my ears, that my friend was no more, I was so deeply affected, that I could not refrain from weeping. His remains were carried to the meeting house, followed by a large number of his associates and friends, where the following solemn and impressive address was pronounced by my minister. May it lead the reader to remember his Creator, and desire to prepare for that solemn event, which may

also come upon him while *his* heart beats high with hope.

There are occasions, when it is difficult not to speak, and equally difficult to speak to any valuable purpose — occasions that seem to invite discourse, and yet at the same time silently utter a language of deep and solemn emphasis which no discourse can reach. On such an occasion we are now assembled. And though it is deemed improper that I should be silent, it would be presumptuous to expect, that any thing can be added to the obvious and impressive considerations which the scene before us is suited to address to every mind.

And what renders this scene one of deep and tender interest? — why does it abound with instruction fitted to reach and improve the heart? Not a heart present is without an answer to these interrogatories. There lie the sweet relics of a lovely youth! — There sleeps the manly form that grew up beneath the fond gaze of parental solicitude and affection. In that coffin is repos-

ing the faded and decaying image of a brother, exquisitely dear to a numerous train of sisters and brothers. There, waiting to be committed to the 'house appointed for all the living,' is all that could die of the youthful associate of not a few of the younger class in this assembly. In our way from *the house of mourning* to *the narrow house*, we have stopped for a few moments in this *house of prayer*. Not to make *a vain show of grief*. Not to throw open to public inspection the sanctuary of private sorrows. Not to invite the cold and listless gaze of the unthinking and the unfeeling. But to mingle our tears and our sympathies around *the mercy seat*. We linger here for a brief interval, that we may be instructed, impressed, purified, and consoled by viewing this scene in the light of the sanctuary. And are there any here who do not need the benefit of such a view of the scene before us? The bleeding hearts of this bereaved household need it. We who are liable to a similar bereavement,

need it. This numerous group of youths, who have pressed in hither to witness the affecting spectacle, need it. Yes, all, all need the benefit of contemplating this scene as it opens upon the mind, amidst the associations of these hallowed courts.

Every topic of consolation that the afflicted can need, is among the appropriate suggestions of this sacred place. The first and principal source of comfort to those who are called to mourn the loss of objects of endearment, is the consideration of him who has been thus severe in his allotments. Apart from such consideration, it must indeed, be *too painful* to dwell on the circumstances of their loss. But here in the house of God, we are forbidden to overlook, either the hand or the design of the great *Lord of all*, in resuming blessings which he had only lent us. When the light of his truth is poured upon his afflictive dispensations, they appear in a new character, and lose their seeming severity in the kind and merciful intentions from which they are

seen to have proceeded. With the children of God, the consideration, that he has done it, has a power beyond every thing else, to banish every feeling of rising repugnance to the righteous determination of his government, and to yield a feeling of quiet and cheerful submission under agonizing trials. The most delightful exemplification of the force of this single reflection, is furnished by saints of Scripture history. One silenced his heart, with the thought — *it is the Lord.* Another under a stroke that almost consumed him, *was dumb, and opened not his mouth, because the Lord did it.* While another, though stript of all outward comforts, blessed the name of Him who *took away* as well as *gave.*

Contemplating the scene before us in the light of the sanctuary, the afflicted are reminded that the world cannot be their home, nor its objects their consolation. — This light clearly reveals through the medium of this funeral scene, that the world is falling into ruins, and its most endearing

objects vanishing away. Nor is this the whole of the disclosure it makes. It reveals in connection with this, the cheering truth, that God will give to his afflicted people in his *house* on high, *a place and a name, better than of sons and daughters* — even enduring mansions and an *everlasting name that shall never be cut off.*

It is in *the house of prayer* — the audience chamber of the Most High, that his bereaved and desolate children are able to send their views forward into the far distant future, to behold 'the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.' That all this severity of discipline is connected with, and preparing the way for an 'eternal weight of glory.' That these painful disruptions of earthly ties, are only indispensable prerequisites to their own approaching ascension to the holy fellowship of saints in glory. That these heavy strokes are all necessary to break the chains and enchantments of earth, and to bring their souls to their only proper rest. With such

discoveries of the cause and tendency of afflictions, they may well exclaim —

Those we call *wretched* are a chosen band.
Amid our list of blessings infinite,
Stands this the foremost — *that our hearts have bled.*
For all we bless thee — most for the *severe.*
His death, *our own* at hand.

And yet it is no common or easy attainment, to discern the *goodness* that mingles with the *severity* of the divine allotments. The *mercy* which comes to believers thus connected with judgment is rarely perceived in its first approach. O, it is hard to see, and much more difficult to feel, that it is *mercy* that comes and tears us up by the roots — cuts asunder the tenderest ties of the sweetest union — lops off the most promising branches — blasts the loveliest buds. But in the strong light of the *house of prayer*, and 'fast by the oracle of God,' his goodness is soon revealed to his bruised and chastened people. For, 'every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. But though the Lord cause grief, yet will he have com-

passion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men — to crush under his feet all the prisoners of the earth. I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.' While the word and house of God are suggesting to the afflicted such a variety of consolatory topics, shall they indulge in immoderate grief? They are not denied the luxury of tears, the joy of chastened grief, the sorrow that rejoices in hope. He who *knows their frame* forbids them not to mourn. He admonishes them to beware of extreme indifference and *overmuch sorrow.* 'My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him.' Let them *feel*, but let them not *faint.* Let them remember their loss, but let them not continually keep the wound bleeding — let them not perpetuate the pangs of the keenest grief by dwelling on the thousand tender and heart-rending incidents and circumstances that constitut-

ed the dying scene. Let them not indulge a melancholy that inflicts a forbidden self-torture. Instead of suffering busy thoughts to pry into *the secret things* of God — to penetrate the deep abyss they are forbidden to explore, let them imitate the bereaved and afflicted Psalmist. 'While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live; but now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.'

But it is not so much my object to suggest consolatory themes — to repeat what should be their *songs in the night* to those who are suffering beneath the present weight of calamitous visitations, as to lead such as are obnoxious to similar bereavements profitably to contemplate this scene of mourning. It is ever suited to do us good to come up to the house of the Lord, and to stand within the gates of his earthly sanctuaries. His name is registered here.

Here he meets his people. He meets us here to-day. He comes and speaks to us in loud and solemn tones by that stroke of his bereaving hand, which has fallen on the family of him whom he has placed on this portion of Zion's walls. He speaks to parents. There is not a parent here, to whom he does not say by this painful visitation, 'prepare to resign into my hands your son or your daughter.' Come, then, ye fathers and mothers, and listen to his words. Come, and take a near view of this scene. There are no truths silently proclaimed here which do not demand attention, and which will not bear examination. They are painful truths, but yet come and ponder upon them, and they will do you good. Be it, that they will make you sad. Be it, that they will wring your hearts with anticipated sorrows. Such sadness — such sorrows are salutary. The *sorrow* thus awakened 'is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better.' Come, ye fond parents, and look into this

coffin, and behold what your children are liable to become. They are now in health — blooming in youth — and anticipating many gay and pleasurable years to come. But all of these circumstances could not shield that dear youth from the stroke of death. His bloom faded away from his cheek, his strength withered, and his sun went down long before it was yet noon. He had parents that loved, and prayed, and wept over him; and brothers and sisters that clung to him with the strong embrace of the sincerest affection. But all could not detain him longer here. O, think not then, that you can be exempted from like bereavements. And are you ready to part with these dear ones? Can you bear to have these branches torn off? Ah! and are they prepared to meet *safely* the dread event of death? If not, where are you resting? From what do you extract any peace that allows your eyes to close in nightly slumbers, while your children are in danger of sleeping in endless death?

Have you been so fervent, and earnest, and persevering in your prayers for them, so faithful and conscientious in your instruction and discipline of them, and so consistent and exemplary in your deportment before them, that you can leave them with quiet confidence in the hand of sovereign Mercy, and feel that if they perish, you are innocent of their blood? I pity the parent that dares to say this. Let all those who are entrusted with the education of the children whom God has given to them, derive from this scene new motives to fidelity in the discharge of parental duties. The time is short. Your children will either take their departure from you in the morning, or you will be called away from them before the evening shades begin to fall. What you do, you must do quickly. These days that are now passing away, have an unspeakable importance. How valuable they are, those can tell you who are called to mourn the loss of children dying without hope. Stand by that coffin, then, all

ye parents who are more concerned for the bodies than for the souls of your offspring, and tell me what would be your feelings, were some of your own sons, or daughters sleeping there all clad for the grave!

The occasion is one that should be improved by those present who are sustaining the relation of brothers and sisters, dwelling together in various domestic circles. What a lesson are they here taught? How soon —how inevitably must these circles be invaded by the messenger of death. How certain it is, that the tenderest ties of earthly brotherhood must be severed! They who are pained by even a momentary separation from any one of their family train, must shortly be called to suffer a long and lasting separation from them all. The most affectionate band that experiences 'how good and how pleasant it is for brethren' of the same family 'to dwell together in unity,' will soon be scattered; and one and another of them will be called to join the great congregation of the dead. There is

a family, where a single brother is the center of the warmest affections, and the stay and prop of their earthly hopes. But that brother must leave them. It will not be long before those who now view such an event as entirely insupportable, will find that it has come upon them with its crushing power — its desolating violence. What is before us now is a faint image of it. — How, then, should the members of these sacred bands of brothers and sisters seek, by every means in their power, to be ready for the calamitous visitation. With what kindness and affection should they constantly treat each other; that the approaching pangs of separation may not borrow additional elements of bitterness from recollected unkindness to the departed. O, how should they strive above all, to be so lovely and pleasant in their lives, that in their death they may not be divided. Your brothers and your sisters must one after another leave you, and take up their abode in eternity; or you yourselves must leave

them and be first ushered into the scenes of endless retribution. Will you not so live together the little interval allotted you here, as mutually to contribute to each others meetness for immortal life hereafter — that you may be brothers and sisters in glory everlasting?

But the class who are especially addressed in this afflictive dispensation, are yet to be noticed. It speaks loudly and solemnly to us all, but its language is pre-eminently impressive and monitory *to the young*. One of their number, who a few days since was vigorous and glowing in health, is departed from the scenes of time. His wasted and faded form lies before us. O, that I could give utterance to the silent language which these beloved remains address to the youth present. O, that some angel spirit would come and whisper to each youthful heart, the solemn lessons here so impressively taught. But vain would be all such agencies. Rather would I seek the presence of the Holy Spirit, to apply

to these young minds the truths which this mournful spectacle reveals in the light of the sanctuary! Come, then, my dear young friends, and amidst the tender and subduing associations of the place and the occasion, do not regard it too solemn and painful a task to think. It is a solemn thing to live, and especially is it a solemn thing to die. Will you live and die without seriously thinking on your ways — without anxiously pondering on the opening scenes of eternal retribution? Could you be induced to think, this occasion would not be lost to you. But you are averse to serious meditation on the great topics, which here, this afternoon, invite attention. Scarcely is there one of you, it is to be feared, who possesses a recollected mind — a mind that thinks to any valuable purpose. Where is the youth in all this assembly, who is disposed soberly to ask himself, what end he is approaching — what destiny awaits him — what will become of him when he dies. It is the great plan of the destroyer of souls

to keep you from thinking on these points. Your hearts second his temptations. God says, that it is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting; but the adversary and your own hearts reverse this truth. It is better, because it presents objects eminently fitted to lead the mind to thoughtfulness. For this very reason, it is irksome to you. It is hard for you to think, when the act must lead to the most appaling discoveries. But what are these discoveries from which you recoil, and to avoid which you will not indulge the train of thought which the house of mourning suggests? They are such as cannot be ultimately avoided. They are such as must be made in time or in eternity — either while they may prove of infinite service to you, or after they will prove forever the cause of sorrow and unavailing lamentation! Come, then, and be no longer thoughtless. Turn your thoughts to the case of our dear young departed friend. See in him the end of promising youth. —

See here that there is but a step between youth and the grave. Learn from this providence, that the only season granted to great numbers to prepare for eternity, is the short period of youthful days. Be taught by this scene, that it is perilous in the extreme to calculate on coming years of probation, or on the painful interval of a death-bed sickness to make your peace with God. O, my dear young friends, withdraw not your minds from this instructive occasion. Engrave the scene on your hearts. Let nothing obliterate it from your minds. Let no delusive promised pleasure take your thoughts away. Let no scenes of amusement engross your thoughts or have any hold on your hearts. 'The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.'

I have had sufficient experience to teach me how painful it is to speak plainly and solemnly to the young and the gay. And what if they will not hear? What if God speaks by his providence as in a voice of

thunder, and still they will not hear? Shall we change our testimony? Shall we say to them that their chosen way is not the way of death? Shall we tell them that the house of mirth will end as safely as the house of mourning, of penitence, of faith and of prayer? I cannot say this. Rather must I declare, though they will not think — will not consider — will not turn their feet unto the testimonies of God, 'Thus saith the Lord, Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes — but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'

CHAPTER VII.

The following will show how deep an interest my minister felt in children. Having boarded with a gentleman who had a

little son, and expecting to leave early the next morning, he inquired for the child. Being informed that he was in bed, my minister went into his room and wrote the following, which he handed to the little boy's father, with the request that he would give it to his son the next day.

VERSES FOR MASTER WILLIAM-CHARLES.

Little *William* could'st thou know
All the trials here below;
Could'st thou see but half the truth,
How 't would spoil the joys of youth!
Ah! and could *I*, could *I* bear,
That thy bright and silken hair,
Age must change — thy pretty face
Lose its roseate hue and grace;
Could I think to live and see
William lose his infant glee —
See those eyes in coming years,
Fixed in grief — dissolved with tears —
See that breast of purest snow
Torn with anguish — pierced with woe —
All that form of loveliest mould,
Clasped in death, and pale, and cold!
Ah, no! And yet it may be true,
And *I*, mayhap, shall be like you,
And both, perhaps, shall soon be laid
Beneath the lonely yew-tree shade!

Then, *William-Charles*, in youthful mirth,
Forget not HIM, who while on earth,
Pressed infant children to his breast,
And called them heirs of heavenly rest.
Forget not Him — though soon you may
The *friend*, who ere he went away,
Left these few simple lines to tell —
Little *William-Charles* — farewell!

The following letters were addressed to a little daughter, when absent with her mother from home. How touchingly simple — how natural — how beautiful they are!

TO MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER AMELIA.

Dearest! hear, thy father sings,
Alone, and sad, and weeping too;
But had he now a pair of wings,
He would not, could not either do.

He 'd fly to thee, and on thy cheek
Would haste to wipe the tear from his,
Would utter more than words can speak
In one sweet, burning, silent kiss.

Dost thou forget thy father's look,
Thy father's voice, thy father's care?
Dost thou forget how oft he took,
And rocked thee in his study-chair?

Canst thou forget in such brief space,
All that seemed once to thee so dear?

And must thy father bring the face
Of stranger for his child to fear?

Ah! dearest, no! thou 'lt not forget
Thy father, when he comes to thee,
But with thy kisses thou wilt wet
His cheek — so glad thy heart will be.

And if I never see thee more,
Until we meet beyond the sky,
May father, mother, on that shore
Unite in life that cannot die.

To my Dear Daughter, A. L. J.

Dear little daughter, weak indeed
Would be my words, if thou could'st read,
To show so fully, thou could'st see
The love thy father feels for thee;
But now, whate'er I say or sing,
Is all to thee a senseless thing;
Thine eye may gaze upon *this line*,
Nor yet discern a single sign
Of all the tender thoughts that rise
To burst my heart and melt my eyes.
'T was sad ofttimes, when thou wast here,
To see thy grief-awakened tear,
To hear those cries which told so plain,
That thou wast naughty or in pain:
But not so sad, as here *alone*,
To see and feel that thou art gone —
To have the morning ope the day,
Without thy morning smiles and play —

To have the day complete his flight,
And still to find thee gone at night —
To feel when nature leads to rest,
No darling slumbering on my breast—
To find when my fond steps would stray
Along the hall to see thee play,
And with thy image soothe my care,
Thy own half speaking empty chair,
To find, sad relics of thy joys,
Thy casket filled with silent toys —
To find that silence's self can say,
My love and loveling are away.
But, daughter, I am not alone;
There is a God, there is a throne
Of mercy, with the contrite breast,
God on that throne will deign to rest.
Silence and solitude are sweet,
If God the praying spirit meet,
And in communion calm and high,
Bears it away beyond the sky.
O, early may you breathe the prayer,
And early all the blessings share,
Of those who walk with God.
This is the prayer my heart shall pour,
Till at life's trying, closing hour,
I lay aside its load.

CHAPTER VIII.

My minister always took a peculiar interest in the welfare of young men — especially in those who belonged to his own congregation. Many and many a time has he addressed them not only on the importance of early devoting themselves to the cause of religion, but on the best means of promoting their temporal welfare, by securing the confidence of all those with whom they had intercourse. Truly in his death the young lost a friend that cannot be easily found. And every thing from his pen cannot but be interesting to all, and, though dead, he may speak in his writings, and many may yet take heed to their ways, who once refused to obey, when warned and entreated with all tenderness and affection.

The following lines are supposed to be from the pen of my minister, as they were found written on the blank leaves of a volume of Osander's Poems, once belonging to his library. Scarcely any one will doubt they are his who knew the man. He can be read in almost every stanza.

There is a joy, a meteor blaze,
That flashes through the gloom
Which shrouds the sinners dubious ways,
That hurry on his doom.

But this upon that solemn shore,
Where life and death begin,
Will feast his dying soul no more
With *pleasurable sin.*

There it will light that ceaseless fire
Of woe and tort'ring pain,
Those flames that never can expire,
While God and justice reign.

But there 's a joy, a pure delight,
Ineffable, refined —
A bliss that springs from heavenly light,
And *lasting as the mind.*

O, may my soul ne'er cease to taste
This pure, celestial joy —
That pleasure time can never waste,
Nor death, nor hell destroy.

Life 's as a stream that rolls along its flood,
And mingles with the vast udbounded deep.
Our passions are the rocks, the direful falls
That break the peaceful stream, the easy flow,
Which pure religion gives to mortal life,
And sends us heedless into worlds unknown.

CHAPTER IX.

People in general are very apt to forget the injunction of their Savior, 'Let brotherly love continue.' But what appears more unlovely in the sight of Heaven, than for brethren to disagree — brethren who have been redeemed by the same blood, and who expect at last to sit together in the heavenly Jerusalem? Once my minister preached from the text just quoted, and as nearly as I can recollect, the following is the substance of his sermon — and every reader *must* feel the necessity of living peaceably with his neighbor, and thus glorify his God and Redeemer.

1. Brotherly love should continue among Christians, because they are members of the same family; all traveling the same road; all working to accomplish the same end; all redeemed by the same Savior, and all partake in the same enjoyments. And it is most singular, that when they are united in all other employments, if their hearts are not knit together by the same love.

2. Because it is the means of increasing the supplies of grace to their own souls.

3. Because the Savior, their Lord and Master, commands it. A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another. If no other reason could be found, this would certainly be sufficient to induce all Christians to love their brethren of all denominations. The apostle says, For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that ye should love one another. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.

He mentioned two ways by which this love should be shewn to each other.

First. By mingling and communing with each other, and praying for each other's welfare and success. For, the same reason which should prompt us to love the Savior, should certainly prompt us to love believers who bear his image.

Second. By bearing one another's burdens. In passing through the journey of life, each Christian has a burden of trials and conflicts to surmount. The world, the flesh, and the devil, and the wickedness of his heart, all require a vigilant and watchful eye. Some Christians have more experience than others, and should, therefore, seek out those who are faint and weary, and distressed with doubts and fears; and those who are living in secret wickedness; and those who are backsliding; and warn and entreat them. And those who need assistance and direction should be encouraged and comforted.

He concluded, by admonishing sinners

to flee to Christ, who would fill their hearts with love to him and the souls of men — to prepare for a mansion in that holy place where all is love.

The short *Poem* which follows was written at the close of a year.

Urged by that Power whose ceaseless sway
  Diffuses universal good,
Another year has passed away,
  To 'join the years beyond the flood.'

Commingling with the vast profound
Of age on age, an endless round,
  I see it dimly disappear;
While blank oblivion's raven wing,
Hovering around me as I sing,
  Bears it away in swift career.

But ere its traces quite depart,
That love to linger round the heart,
While vivid recollection strays
Over the flight of former days;
Ere yet the bosom cease to glow
At recollected joy or woe,
Or memory's power forgets to scan
The weal or woe of suffering man,
The muse would weave with many a tear,
A requiem for the finished year;
And to its varied memoir swell,
A broken, pensive, sad FAREWELL.

Farewell, ye hours, forever flown,
That on your wings devotion bore;
Farewell, though lately called my own —
For mine ye never can be more.

And ye delightful hours, adieu,
To friendship's sacred pleasures dear,
Though swift your winged moments flew,
Remembrance wakes the rising tear.

And farewell, too, ye mournful hours
Of sad, desponding, heart-felt grief —
Which heard the plaint the bosom pours
To Him who only gives relief.

And must I sigh farewell to you,
Ye seasons lost, or spent in vain?
Yes, ye are gone, and farewell too,
Ye melancholy, gloomy train.

Go, and with your story, tell
The pangs your recollection brings —
And bear to heaven the sad farewell
A penitential bosom sings.

But to the now departed year,
That witnessed in its circling sphere,
The woes which mortal bosoms swell;
That saw around this nether scene,
What nameless pangs and ills have been,
Let altered numbers breathe farewell.

For on that dark and sombre page
Which tells the tale of every age —
An awful record of the past;

I see, bedewed with sorrow's tears,
Near the sad themes of other years,
The mournful story of the last.

I see what multitudes have died
By fell disease, ambition, pride;
And oh! I hear, or seem to hear
Their hollow groans and piercing cries,
The deep toned notes of agonies,
Sad dirges to the finished year.

There too, I see 'midst lingering night,
Some spots made fair by gospel light;
As reigns its holy, peaceful laws,
Man learns to learn not war's bad skill,
And fears to fear not man to kill,
And dares to dare not Heaven oppose.

Far spent is night. God's word unbound,
A path-way through the world has found;
And nameless tribes in their own tongue,
Now hear that most mysterious deed,
How Jesus, Savior deigned to bleed,
As erst the holy prophets sung.

E'en lisping infants teach its page
To graceless, sin-besotted age —
Children teach *multitude of days;*
They rise up blessed — are blessings given;
The born of God; the heirs of heaven;
A generation to his praise.

Long time did talents, learning shine,
In splendid efforts, half divine,

To dazzle and mislead the crowd,
Who wending through this life's dark road,
Felt safe in paths the lofty trode,
Until they sunk in ruin's shroud.

Now 'tis not thus. Behold abroad,
Genius is consecrate to God;
And many, like that gifted youth,
Who sung time finish'd, earth no more.
However high their pinions soar,
Give all their powers to God and truth.

And yet a brighter scene appears —
Perspective through approaching years,
I see the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his beams ascend,
And far as sin and guilt extend,
Diffuse his quickening power to bless.

When that day dawns, O where will be
Each *Souvenir, et ceterae,*
The great unknowings said or sung?
All seen, remembered, and forgot,
Like dreams that were, and yet were not,
Or bubbles bright from bathos flung.

And where those works of folio page,
With 'form and pressure' of an age,
Reluctant to Immanuel's laws?
Not needed more, they lie beside
Dread Lethe's dark and sluggish tide,
With rubbish of the world that was.

Then, farewell year, already gone,
And haste the destined period on,

That brings Millennial day;
When truth, and righteousness, and peace,
Shall spread, and reign, and still increase,
As circling years decay.

Thus have I sung as best beseemed
One all unskilled the lyre to sweep;
Who ne'er by Mincio's waters dreamed,
Or climbed Parnassus' awful steep.

Yet proudest strains please not His ear,
Whose praise the cherub voices swell;
And he may bend e'en *that* to hear,
Which sighs to finished time, farewell.

CHAPTER X.

Never was a man more humble than my minister; and it is seldom that we find a pastor who labors so assiduously to pull down the haughty feelings of man, as he did, not only in his sermons, but also in his private interviews with the people of his charge. I remember calling at his house one day, accompanied by two other members of his church, for some special busi-

ness, when he requested that each of us would write our opinions of humility, and bring what Scripture texts we could obtain, in proof of our remarks, and hand them to him for examination on an appointed evening. He requested this, no doubt, that we might endeavor to obtain more of this blessed trait of Christian character, and never think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. 'These bodies now so healthy,' said he, 'so nerved with strength, so comely and beautiful, are nothing but organized *dust;* nothing but feeble clay. And who can be proud of *clay?* Who can boast of *dust?* Yes, these bodies of ours, which are so pampered, and nourished, will soon become *food for worms.* What a humiliating consideration! And yet we nourish and look after them, as if they were made the sole object of our lives! The GREAT GOD, who made us, and whose are all our ways, is almost forgotten! Strange pride!'

At another time I recollect of his saying,

that we should be humble on account of our inability to comprehend clearly, the great truths of revelation; and also our narrow conceptions of God and his holiness should induce us to be humble. 'The human mind is so contracted in its knowledge, so confined in its limits, that it sees but an inch of space around it; and that inch is so clothed in uncertainty and doubt, that it is almost involved in a labyrinth of darkness, from which it cannot extricate itself. It is so feeble in its powers, that it cannot see anything of the trials which await it in life. Yet how prone are people generally to boast of the powers of intellect; the wonderful expansion of the human mind; and yet all this vast machinery, without the aid of revelation, totters and shakes at the solution of the question, What is the state of the soul at death? It is lost in a labyrinth of wonder and doubt. But yet men do often forget the giver, and boast of the mind, as if it were an object of their own formation.'

Again, he said, 'The sin and guilt of men is an inducement for humility. This is the cause of all the sufferings of the human race. It was this which brought

Death into our world and all our woe!

It was this which drove our first parents out of Eden. It was this which brought the Savior, the Son of God, into the world, to bear the shame, reproach, contumely, contempt, and neglect which he received. It was this, which caused him, in the garden of Gethsemane, under the weight of sorrow he bore, to sweat great drops of blood; to cry out under the hidings of his Father's face, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!' It was this which led him to Calvary, there to be crucified for sinners. It is this which has caused the continued rejection of that Savior, ever since his ascention to heaven. It is pride that rejects him, that rejects this way of salvation. It is too abasing for the natural heart. It wants a way in which itself can do the whole; or if not the whole, it wants a share. To come

like a beggar, and plead the merits of another, as a reason, why God can have mercy upon him, is too humiliating; and, therefore, the hostility to the peculiar doctrines of the gospel is great indeed. The prisoner might be proud of his prison house; the condemned malefactor of his chains and gallows; the beggar of his rags; but let not man, a worm of the dust, be proud of that dust. Let him not be proud of his knowledge or refinements, while all his boasted acquisitions in the scale of knowledge, extend only an inch before him. Let him not be proud when he is bound to the earth in chains of filth, and iniquity, which, ere long, may send him to the chambers of despair.'

CHAPTER XI.

How fondly memory lingers around those scenes in which a beloved friend took part, who is now ascended to glory. We love

to contemplate his character, and remember every kind word he spoke — especially when that friend was anxious for our spiritual well being. Such a friend had I in my minister. It was a painful duty for him to speak reprovingly — but, nevertheless, he did it, when he conceived it to be necessary. 'Is there not some secret sin,' said he, 'which you have not put away, and which keeps from you those spiritual enjoyments, which are the life of a Christian? If there be any sin unrepented of it must be relinquished immediately, if you wish to enjoy the divine favor.' Blessed man! — how kindly he spoke! — how tenderly reproving he was! That I should cease to cherish his memory is impossible. He shall be had in everlasting remembrance. And when I am called to lie down in death, I hope to be united to him in those bonds which can never be sundered — in those ties which are as lasting as the eternity of Jehovah. Who will not esteem it an honor to be faithful to his Redeemer, and be

always ready to speak a word in season, when a friend is nigh slipping into the mire of sin?

The following beautiful lines were written by my minister, on viewing a ringlet from the hair of his deceased wife.

Ah! silent relic! Yet it has a tongue
To speak to my sad heart. It tells a tale
Of sorrow so endeared — so cherished too,
That I must love e'en its memorial,
Which deigns to come at this still evening hour,
Not to disturb, but soothe my loneliness.
Where now that youthful form so dear, o'er which
These ringlets ofttimes flowed, and where the hand,
Employed to range them into tresses fit?
The cheek that glowed beneath — the heaving breast —
The deep carnation of the speaking lips —
The eyes whence living mildness ever beamed?
Long pining, fading long, together all
Have sunk! And now far off beyond my walks,
Beneath a grassy mound by strangers trod,
That form is cold. The hand and heaving breast
Are still. Paleness has settled on her cheeks.
Those lips of rosy tinge are mute. And quenched
Is all the beaming sweetness of her eyes!
Yet unextinguished still a spark remains —
A better part than the cold, sullen grave
Has taken to its rest. True loveliness
Corruption cannot reach. The darkling worm

Winds not its way where moral beauty dwells.
'The pure in heart' but triumph when they die —
Leave the stern Monarch of the grave subdued;
The king of terrors vanquished on his throne.
Thus my Mary died — thus she lives. No more
Along the shadowy vale of death to walk;
To feel no more her earthly frame dissolve,
Or that *last* pang which language never told.
And while her frame, slow mouldering into dust,
In rural solitude unbroken, sleeps;
The soul — all that loved, or most lovely seemed —
All that once did kindle in her features —
Looked from her eyes — brought to her snow-white cheek
The unwonted rose; or the deep-felt sigh
From her calm breast — lives in a higher sphere,
Clothed with unearthly beauty, loved of God,
And from the river of his pleasure, drinks
Immortal joys. Redeemed myriads,
Who have reached the shining courts of heaven,
And joined its everlasting melodies,
Are her companions in this high sojourn!

While I,
Lone wanderer here below, and weeping oft
O'er blasted hopes, scarce venture once
'Within the veil;' but soothe my grief as now
With some mute relic of the loss I mourn.

No longer is my minister a 'lone wanderer here below,' but he is united not only to her he loved, but to an innumerable

company of angels, and to his Savior and Redeemer, in whose cause he wasted away his useful life. No longer will he be seen 'weeping oft' over 'blasted hopes,' nor mourning over those who still resist the gentle influences of the Spirit of God.—From all the ills that flesh is heir to, he is forever free.

CHAPTER XII.

A great while ago, my minister preached a sermon from these words, 'For he knoweth not that which shall be: for who can tell him when it shall be?' It interested me very much; the more so, as it was pronounced in a solemn and affecting manner. I have frequently thought of the sermon, and now, while the devoted author is at rest from his labors, I will present to my readers a desultory sketch of it, with the hope that they may be interested and profited by it.

The uncertainty of the events of the future being, apparent to all, was the introduction to the discourse. It was divided into a number of heads. The first was —

No man has power to tell of the events of the future. Human sagacity and prudence, may indeed tell or predict with pretty exact certainty, that, if certain courses of life are followed, certain inherent causes will ensue. As for instance, a dissolute, gambling youth may be pretty certain to die an outcast, or a beggar, or suffer for crimes committed in consequence of giving loose to his passions. But no man can tell when his day of death will take place. Although just before him; although he must pass through it; and although it is absolutely certain, that it must be his lot, yet he cannot tell when it shall be. A set time may be given, in which he may predict with great certainty, that it will take place; yet he cannot put, as it were, his finger on a given point, when time will be exchanged for a boundless eternity, and gross materi-

ality be swallowed up in an endless life of pure spirituality. The next moment, or the next year may be his last; or he may be destined to pass through a long life of sorrow and pain; or he may have his path strewed with flowers, and the sunshine of prosperity dart upon him. His ashes may sleep in the family tomb, or the last sad office of respect may be paid by the hand of strangers; or they may be blown by the winds of heaven, or lie buried in the chambers of the great deep. It is all uncertainty to him; but that he will die he is assured.

2. *When and where he shall die he knows not.* Here were mentioned instances of individuals who had died in foreign lands. Henry Martyn, Fisk, and Parsons, the lamented Worcester and Hale, all died in lands, and in circumstances, which in their youth, perhaps, never once employed a thought of their capacious minds. Little did that devoted, Christian female, Harriet Newall, imagine that the Isle of France would entomb her body; that from a por-

tion of the world, so separate from home, her spirit would ascend to her Maker.

3. That although the future was wrapped up in the gloom of uncertainty, yet man was certain that events would ensue altogether foreign to his mind. While contemplating the future, the thoughts might revel in prospects of future good, or might be blasted by forebodings of future evil.

4. Although men do not, cannot tell the time of their dissolution, yet they do know that two things of infinite moment will take place, viz.

1st. *All must die.* Though years may elapse in the lives of all, yet all will die. The drooping flower may yet shed its fragrance around, while that in full bloom may be nipped. The old man, almost gone under the pressure of disease, may be spared yet longer, while the youth may be cut down in a moment.

2nd. *That all will stand before the judgment seat of Christ, is also absolutely certain.* Yes, all this congregation will stand before

that bar, and receive a sentence in accordance with the manner in which they have spent their lives.

And here I cannot help reminding my readers with what feeling and solemnity, the good man addressed the people of his charge. Methinks if they had been there, they could never lose the remembrance of that solemn hour.

Every word, every thought, every feeling, continued he, will be judged, and the sentence pronounced will be according to each one's advantages and knowledge. — With the assembled universe we shall stand; and, oh! dreadful moment! the sentence will issue from the lips of Him, from whose face the heavens and the earth flee away, which shall convey us to the abodes of bliss, to spend the ages of eternity, in going from glory to glory, and in singing halleluiah to Him who has redeemed us by his blood; or — to spend our ceaseless existence in the abodes of despair, where the oceans of

the wrath of God and the Lamb will roll over us forever and ever!

He concluded by a few practical remarks to those who were unprepared to meet the realities of that awful day. He warned them of the guilt of those who know their duty and do not perform it; who know that that day will come, and yet do not prepare for it: and with these words finished the discourse, Prepare to meet your God in peace.

Dear reader, *you* know what your duty to God your Maker is; but have you performed that duty? Has it been your desire to do that which He will approve, and for which he will reward you, in the day when he shall judge the nations at his bar? If not, immediately commence a life of devotedness to God, and prepare, oh! daily prepare to meet your Judge.

The following was written on the passage, 'Return, O Lord, how long?'

Grief has its language. Earth-born human woe
Through burning words, speaks out its strong emotions.

Thus speech has caught the power to call forth tears;
And many weep o'er woes that never were;
While hidden, deep, and spirit withering grief
Is never told. Words are too feeble things
For such a task. The heart that God has touched,
And broke, and blessed, and *left*, knows such a grief.
It is not earthly sorrow — *that* works death,
And dying breath can give it utterance:
But this is death upon a deathless soul,
That erst at the pure fount of life did drink,
And yet shall drink again. *This* death works life —
Kills but to give more life — casts down to raise —
Exhausts to fill from fulness infinite.
Who *feels* this death then, shall not feel it long;
For feeling winged upon the breath of prayer,
Shall life bring down. Who *sees* this reigning death,
If vision touches the heart's trembling strings,
Shall not see it long. O'er the vale of death,
The breath of prayer shall bring the breath of life.
The pang untold shall cease amid the cry
Of blended hearts, RETURN, O LORD, HOW LONG?

CHAPTER XIII.

In speaking of the words of Christ, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' my minister said,

'If Christ had opened his mouth and said, Blessed are the high-minded, the wealthy, the proud, the grand, and the powerful, he would, probably, have said something more congenial to the feelings of the mass of those who were listening to the gracious words, that proceeded out of his mouth. But when he began to say, Blessed are the *poor in spirit*, the idea carried with it something mean and low; something so paradoxical, that, no doubt, he appeared in the eyes of many as a madman. One of the greatest sceptics of the last century, the distinguished Hume, characterized this humility, this poverty of spirit, which the Savior has blessed, as low, contemptible and degraded.'

Children, will not you endeavor to obtain this precious humility, which is so necessary to secure to your souls an acceptance with God? What if infidels, and deists, and the great men of this world, look upon it with contempt, and ridicule it, remember it is of great price with him, who is to be

your final Judge. Nothing will so well recommend you in the eyes of an enlightened and Christian community, as this. — Surely, then, he who is poor in spirit, possesses that which is above all computation in this world, and which, in eternity, will secure to him unfading joys. O, who will not *strive* to be of a humble disposition?

A young minister and his family, sailed from Portland, a short time previous to a violent storm. He had a great many friends and connections here, who were quite alarmed, fearing they would be overtaken by the storm and perish. But they arrived safey to their destined port. The day after their departure, my minister wrote the following.

Hoarse and dreadful roar the night winds,
Clouds convolved the heavens deform;
But the Lord amid dark whirlwinds,
Rides in mercy on the storm.

Louder howls the storm careering,
Fierce conflicting tempests beat;
But the angry clouds are cheering,
Mingling round Jehovah's feet.

Though deep horror frowns around me,
Mid the elemental strife,
Mercy's wings are hovering round me,
Bearing peace, preserving life.

Yet an anxious heart must cherish
Feeling for the suffering poor,
Yet must bleed for those that perish,
Silent mid the wintry roar.

It must feel a kind emotion,
Angel pity's generous glow,
For the sufferers on the ocean,
While the warring tempests blow.

Ah! and it must sadness borrow
From the thrilling thoughts which rise,
That *friends beloved* now brave the horror
Of the tempest breathing skies.

Yet, be soothed my heart's keen anguish,
God can his own part perform;
At his word the fierce winds languish —
Cease the howlings of the storm.

He who guides unseen, the courses
Of the tempests through the sky,
He who gives the winds their forces,
Hears his suffering children cry.

He, Most High, whose angry features
Fill the universe with dread,
Feels compassion for his creatures —
Saves the dying and the dead.

Yet, though night winds shake creation,
Though commingled torrents pour,
There is mercy and salvation
With the Lord forevermore!

CHAPTER XIV.

A short time before this good man died, he said he should like to have an opportunity of conversing with every member of his church. He wished to ascertain what were their feelings in regard to the outpouring of the Spirit of God. He felt the necessity of having the heart continually in a praying frame, and of its being humbled at the feet of Jesus.

My minister thought much of his Redeemer, and was always ready to speak of his character to the perishing around him. And what a lesson is this for us to learn, who have been so slow in the performance of our Master's will!

The following touching stanzas were

written on the anniversary of the death of a very dear friend — that day being also the anniversary of our national independence.

'T is the maddening cannon's voice,
Ushering in a jubilee;
Calling millions to rejoice
O'er Columbia's liberty.

Such was the hour when erst my Mary died,
And left me widowed in this vale of tears;
One circling year around its course has hied,
And mingled with the flood of endless years;
Since with a love that banished gathering fears,
And faith that bound her to Jehovah's throne;
She fled, where now no jarring notes she hears,
But joins the choir whose songs and joys are one,
While I pursue my weary pilgrimage alone.

O, how this dawn, this peaceful matin hour,
Recalls her dying scene with all its woe,
And fills my soul with anguish. It has power
To wake new grief, to cause new tears to flow:
For now before the last, unyielding foe,
I see her sink. I hear her last, sweet tone
Of earthly love, of blissful hope. The glow
Upon her faded, lily cheek is gone;
And all I loved below, to Heaven's bright world has flown.

Again, in angry burst of flame,
The cannon roars from yonder height,

To tell a nation's deathless fame,
Their valor, and their conquering might.

But I will go and linger yet awhile,
At this lone hour, where low her ashes sleep;
There is a charm in nature's morning smile,
That soothes and calms, but helps the heart to weep.
This humble mound o'er which the wild briers creep,
Is dear to nature's feelings in my breast;
Beside its swelling turf, in silence deep,
'T is sweet to think my weary frame may rest,
And here with hers, ascend to mansions of the blest.

Yet must *this* thought be hushed. Pilgrims below
Have no abiding place. A future day,
Welcomed like this, with pomp, and noise, and show,
May wake my grief, where *friends* do not betray,
Where truth does not offend, or love decay.
In some new sphere, where heavenly dews descend,
A peace prevails beneath religion's sway,
In doing good may pass, in peace may end
My mortal course, with heaven and earth my friend.

Still the same pang that wrung my heart at first,
When here was laid her cold, loved, lifeless clay,
Must be revived, when called to leave that dust
Lone slumbering here; I sojourn far away;
No more to press this turf at dawn of day,
Or when yon rock reflects its latest flame,
No more to listen to the warbler's lay,
That seems to chant the music of her name,
As if to banish sorrow, winged spirits came.

Loud again the welkin rings,
And echoes speak from western hills;
The north and south the clangor flings,
Then silence all the valley fills.

And silence well befits this early hour,
Deep grief and silence love the church-yard scene;
My bleeding heart here finds a healing power,
Amidst these spreading shades of deep, dark green
It oft revives — is peaceful and serene;
For oft it feels her lingering presence nigh,
A seraph blest, to mortal eyes unseen;
To stay the gush of woe, the bursting sigh,
And bear my thoughts away to her above the sky.

Here too, I feel that earth shall pass away,
I seem to hear the archangel's final cry;
Louder than that which wakes this natal day,
Spread round the world in thunder through the sky;
Bidding its myriads to the judgment fly.
Then shall my Mary's sleeping, mouldering form,
In youth celestial, never more to die;
No more to feed the grave's insatiate worm,
Rise safe, above the ruins of earth's latest storm.

Then peaceful be her slumbers yet awhile,
Mourner and mourned here may shortly rest;
These little flowers that weep, and blush and smile,
Now in their summer hue, and beauty drest,
May deck the clod upon my mouldering breast;
Together here may lie our mortal frames;
Mingled as erst our souls in union blest,

Till marble, frail memorial of our names,
And nature's self, dissolve in universal flames.

How truly were realized the sentiments expressed in the sixth stanza. He *was* situated where 'heavenly dews' descended, where 'peace' prevailed beneath 'religion's sway.' 'In doing good' he passed his days, and died in triumph, with 'heaven and earth' his 'friend.'

CHAPTER XV.

'I am your friend,' said my minister to me one day. And I shall never forget the peculiar expression of his countenance as he uttered these words. In speaking to him I was rather too hasty in saying, that *all* my friends advised me to take a certain step. 'No,' said he, 'they did not; for I am your friend, and I did not advise you to do it.' I could make no reply; for I knew him to be my friend — real friend; and this

is the reason why I love to cherish his memory, and transcribe for the benefit of others, those productions of his, which were written with so much taste and feeling. The following on the *Character of Judas*, is well worthy the attentive perusal of every reader, old or young.

This man reached an eminence in criminality, to which very few of our species have attained. He is presented to us on the pages of inspired history as one distinguished by a single distressing peculiarity from all who have passed away from the scenes of probationary existence amidst those of endless retribution. Slight and trembling as is the hope which lingers around the destiny of multitudes who have finished their mortal course; and however strong may be our persuasion in view of the character of their life and death, that great numbers of our race are in the world of eternal despair: yet of him alone can it be said with the confidence inspired by the express declaration of unerring truth, that

his soul is eternally lost. It is not that he was pre-eminently guilty; it is not by his ruinous act, he fulfilled the predictions of prophecy, it is not that he sinned against perfect goodness: but he stands forth distinguished by *this*, that it had been good for him if he had never been *born:* that he went to his own place — the place prepared for the devil and his *angels*. Whatever has been the doom of others, we know that Judas Iscariot is irrecoverably and eternally *lost*. Lost in a way more terrible than to be *annihilated*. Lost by an everlasting *perdition*. This peculiarity in his case taken in connection with the place he held among the first disciples and apostles of Christ gives to his history and character a singularly painful interest, and invites the mind to him as a most mortifying and *yet instructive subject of contemplation*.

In him may be seen in their naked pre-eminences those hateful features of sin which have the most threatening aspect on the future condition of the *soul*. He ena-

bles us to mark not only the old way the wicked have trodden, but the place to which the *wicked inevitably* go.

Where he was born, who were his parents, or what were his early habits and pursuits, we are not informed. He was one of the twelve who in the early part of our Savior's ministry were selected as his particular disciples, and gifted with power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of diseases with them. He was numbered, and obtained part of the ministry and apostleship of his divine Master. From all that appears on the pages of the Evangelists, his character was without suspicion, until very near the termination of his earthly course. There is no intimation that he suffered by a comparison with his fellow disciples either in his visible attachment to the Savior, or in the manner of fulfiling the duties of his office. He preached and wrought miracles like the rest of the twelve. Indeed while Peret did not escape censure from the Sa-

vior for savoring not the things that be of God, but those that be of men; and while James and John were reproved for their ambitious desires, desires of pre-eminence in his kingdom, Judas seems to have passed along without reproach. He neither rebuked his Master when he began to foretell his approaching sufferings, nor aspired after distinction in his spiritual empire. — Though favored with an opportunity of practicing fraud, from being the common depository of the pecuniary resources of the whole company of his fellow disciples, it does not appear, that he was even suspected of dishonesty previous to the mournful development of his true character, in his traitorous engagement with the chief priests and captains. He doubtless concealed with a caution inspired by a consciousness of the rottenness of his character, every thing in his feelings or views, which might lead to a disclosure of himself. Or the better to effect his ultimate design, he thought it prudent to pursue a course which

would appear most opposite to his actual intentions. However this may be it is manifest, that at the affecting season on the day previous to the night on which the Lord was betrayed, when he first intimated that one of his disciples would be guilty of that, not one of the simple-hearted and unsuspecting disciples thought Judas was the one. Each *more suspected himself than* his *fellow.*

All the circumstances which are seen to have had an agency in prompting Judas to his traitorous act, and which led to the revelation of his true character, are of a nature extremely interesting, tender and melting. Enough, one would have supposed of the tender and subduing in these circumstances to have disarmed the traitor of his murderous purpose. The first thing in the narrative of the sacred historian which lets us into the secret of this man's reigning passion, and which is seen to rouse that passion from its hidden slumbers was an incident which occurred at Bethany only a

few days before the Savior suffered. In that delightful family of piety and love to which our Lord so often retired, an entertainment was made for him and his disciples at the close of this feast of love, at which the still careful Martha served, 'Mary took a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.' This strong expression of fervent and reverential affection for her Lord, awakened in the traitor, deep feelings of envy and jealousy, and the great expense with which it was accompanied touched his feelings of avarice. His cold, calculating prudence forsook him. In a hasty moment he dropped in part at least, the mask of cautious concealment under which he had long been acting. He could not avoid letting it for once appear how little he thought of honoring his Master, and how much he thought of adding to the treasury of which he had the care, 'why was not this ointment sold

for three hundred pence and given to the poor.' The seeming regard for the interest of the poor thus introduced as a reason for objecting to so rich an offering being made to Christ when viewed in connection with the remark of the apostle John, who wrote after there had been a most full exhibition of all the long hidden iniquity of his false-hearted associate, cannot be considered as any thing less than an additional evidence of his base and groveling cupidity. This, continues the beloved John, 'This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.'

Thus from the further disclosure which had come to the knowledge of the evangelist, it appears that Judas had been in the habit of betraying his trust long before he betrayed his Master. That he had been a secret thief before he became an open traitor.

The next incident detailed in the pages of the gospel, connected with the painful

disclosure of the cherished temper and aims of this wicked man grew immediately out of the one just noticed. By that transaction his avaricious passion was inflamed, and the still more malignant temper of revenge was excited. He could not bear to see what he so much coveted expended on one whom he never truly loved, and thus put beyond his own eager grasp after gain. And when he found the Savior, instead of falling in with his views, justified the affectionate Mary in making the costly oblation, he determined at once to gratify his avarice and his revenge. He, accordingly, went unto the chief priests, and said unto them, What will ye give me and I will betray him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver, and from that time he sought opportunity to betray him. What dark and awful features does his depravity assume! how determined his enmity to all goodness! and how impenetrable his obduracy! That in such a place, and amidst such a scene of love and harmony, of good-

ness and truth, of winning grace and melting tenderness, he could form a purpose so infernal. That he could leave a company whose tastes, and aims, and employments were so much like heaven, to commune with those whose temper and feelings were so allied to hell! that he could withdraw from those who were worshiping his Master to plot with those who were thirsting for his blood! But the next development of his character which we hear, presents it with still darker shades. After having sold his Lord, and conspired with his fiercer enemies, and while he was watching for an opportunity to give him up to their brutal rage, he could return to the bosom of the little consecrated circle of the Savior's household, and repose on the unsuspecting confidence of his fellow disciples. He could take his wonted place among the twelve, and put on the appearance of unabated attachment to them and their Master. With them he could celebrate the feast of unleavened bread, and eat the pass-

over. And when, during these solemn services, the Savior, in view of the near approach of the horrid act, which was to reveal that wicked one as he was, became, 'troubled in spirit,' and testified, and said, 'verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me,' he could assume the appearance of surprise and grief, and reciprocate the look of anxious but doubting inquiry from his associates, when each of the sorrowful disciples had, in his turn, proposed the anxious interrogatory, Lord, is it I? he could dare to mock the heart-searching Immanuel with the same question. He could remain in that sacred society until Christ had made it known to the disciple leaning on his bosom, and to Peter, at whose suggestion the question was asked by the beloved John, that it was the individual to whom he should give a sop, when he had dipped it. He could linger there, until he had actually received the sop; until the Lord had declared to him openly, 'Thou art the man.' He then having received the

sop went immediately out, and it was night. Whatever were the reasons which finally induced him to withdraw, he was not compelled to retire. Perhaps he went out after he was known to be the heartless hypocrite and the bloody minded traitor. He did not choose to meet the eyes of these brethren, on whose unsuspecting confidence he had so long imposed. Much less to meet those eyes which afterward looked Peter into penitence, and which had been looking on his heart, through all his guilty course of secret impiety. Or perhaps he went immediately out, because he could no longer bear their company, their spiritual conversation, their fervent and heavenly worship, or, perhaps, he directly left them, because the night had come, and his were works of darkness, because the hour had arrived in which he was to meet the murderous priests and captains to fulfil his engagements with them.

But having received the sop, he went immediately out, and consequently was not

present at the institution of the Eucharist. This is a point which may not be clear to all. Some have supposed that he was present and partook of the first Lord's supper, and from this supposed fact, have inferred the inexpediency of guarding with such solicitude, this holy ordinance from the approach of the wicked and unworthy. Those who will carefully examine in connection the different accounts given of this transaction in Matthew, Mark, and John's gospels, will be satisfied Judas could not have been one of those who united in the first celebration of this ordinance. From Luke's gospel, following his arrangement of particular occurrences, we should indeed be led to the opposite conclusion. But it should be borne in mind, that this evangelist narrates events without special regard to chronological order. As soon as Judas had received the sop, which was part of the passover, he went immediately out, and it was night. He heard nothing of that unearthly conversation, which passed be-

tween Christ and his disciples, at the first sacramental table, and which the apostle John has so faithfully recorded in the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th chapters of his gospel. Judas Iscariot witnessed nothing of that indescribable scene which passed in Gethsemane, before he and the officers from the chief priests and pharisees came with lanterns, torches, and weapons. He heard not those repeated prayers which that night, had there, from a soul exceeding sorrowful even unto death, trembled from his agonized lips. But he did hear from those lips, as he there approached and marked him out to his blood-thirsty companions with a kiss — Friend! wherefore art thou come? Judas betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss? Here the pen of inspiration, in the painful delineation of this wicked man's character; as if no additional feature of malignity could be gathered about human depravity, stops. What can imagination conceive more bare, black, loathsome, or condemning? Surely there is nothing fig-

urative in our Savior's representation — 'Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.' Well might it be said of him, that, after the sop, 'satan entered into him.' Truly had he become an incarnate devil; more malignant and treacherous, and deceptive than he, who assailed the Savior with temptation forty days and forty nights in the wilderness. Here the badge of friendship is made the instrument of treachery. Here a token of love is employed as a sign to the enemies of Christ, that the traitor had greater enmity than they. Enmity against whom? Enmity against perfect goodness, perfect loveliness, perfect meekness, perfect gentleness and truth! How was it manifested? — Amidst circumstances every way suited to strip malignity of its venom, enmity itself of its rancor, and hostility itself of its power to harm. Well might the wretch who grew up, under such circumstances, to such a stature of baseness, hypocrisy, treachery and crime — when he beheld the condem-

ned, innocent one, whom he had betrayed, and the worthless resource of his own iniquity, be expected to terminate his own mortal career by taking vengeance on himself.

In view of this distressingly interesting occurrence, it is scarcely possible we should not be reminded of the danger of heartlessness in religious exercises. All that gives any value, any importance, any acceptance in the view of God to such exercises, arises from their connection with the movements of the affections. To preserve this connection invariable, is as difficult as it is important. It cannot be done without incessant vigilance and effort. There is a perpetual tendency in every religious act of man in the present world, to degenerate into a mere dead and barren skeleton of external forms and ceremonies. To preserve this system of mere externals, complete and comely, and ever imposing is an easy task, and one that is not seldom substituted for that fervent inward process, which keeps the glow of pious feelings alive,

imparting to the entire system, a fresh animation and vigor. Persons of little or no piety are known to preserve the appearance of not being wholly dead in their hearts; not by waking up their hearts and fanning the flame of piety there, but by adopting the language, embracing the opinions and following in the train of such as have gained reputation for their heart religion. Judas could talk as well as any of the disciples. It is not known that he was behind any of the other apostles as a preacher. — He is not represented as differing from them in his religious sentiments. And up to the period of only a few days before the fearful development of his character, was apparently as blameless as either of his fellow disciples and yet he was at the same time destitute of any heartfelt interest in the sacred duties to which he seemed to be given, and never truly engaged with the heart in a single religious act which he performed. And think you, there have not been many others, whose character for piety

stood as fair as his did, almost to the last, and yet who were as dead at heart as he, but not being presented with an occasion like that which brought out the dark line of his character; were first reviewed in the light of eternity! With what power does this subject address those who are accustomed to attend religious services and to engage in outward acts of devotion with a cold and lifeless heart, with no warm movement of the affections. Let all heartless pretenders to spiritual religion remember that they are treading in the old way, in which the wicked Judas *trod*. Let them tremble lest ere long they find themselves lost spirits with him *in the world of woe!*

In the case of Judas Iscariot, may be seen the fatal effects of the love of money. With him it was eminently the root of all the evil which came upon him. Whatever appears to have been his reigning passion before he was called to follow Christ, he doubtless had become inordinately addicted to the pursuits of worldly riches. This

passion continued to prevail, fostered and strengthened it is probable by his being made the depository of the scanty resources of his Lord's house-hold. So greedy was he of gain, that, as is intimated by the Apostle John, he fraudulently converted to his own use, what belonged to the whole company in common. He was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein. His desire to augment the sum committed to his disposal, led him to regard with indignation the costly gift bestowed on the Savior by a devoted female disciple. He could not endure the idea that any one should receive gifts but himself. Nor did his desire of gain stop here. No! for thirty pieces of silver, less than twenty dollars, he engaged to betray into the hands of his murderers the Lord of life and glory. Well did a heathen poet exclaim, O! cursed love of money: to what wilt thou not drive the *hearts of mortals!*

But does this fallen and lost Apostle stand alone among the avowed disciples of

Jesus? Are none of us criminally and ruinously swayed by the same execrable passion? Oh! what a fearful answer does the slightest acquaintance with the Christian church furnish to this inquiry. To say nothing of that large branch of the nominal church in which there is literally merchandize made of the souls of men. Do we see none of the tokens of avarice among the purest with whom we are acquainted? Is there nothing that resembles the exchanging of Christ for worldly gain? Are there no individuals in the church, who, in practice propose the same question which Judas did, to the enemies of his Master — 'What will ye give me and I will deliver him unto you.' Are there none who clearly evince by their conduct, that they are ready to sacrifice the dearest interests of the church on the altar of mammon? Are there none who plainly care not what becomes of Christ or his cause, if they can only get money? But is not every professing Christian betraying Christ and his cause,

who by an eager and restless craving after wealth, misrepresents the nature of the religion he professes and misleads those who would seek its purity and its hopes. 'What will ye give me and I will deliver him unto you,' plainly speaks that man's conduct, who when he enters upon the transactions of the business and bargaining world, leaves his Bible and his religious principles behind him, in his closet. Oh! can you tell me how far from following in the path which Judas trod, is every one, who does not seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and how much a man will be profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Think of Judas, think of Dives — think of Demas.

The subject teaches us, that the most favorable outward religious advantages are not sufficient to bring obstinate sinners to love and obey Christ. If they were, the unhappy Judas had not fallen by transgression that he might go to his own place. For three years he enjoyed the constant in-

struction and example of one who spake as never man spake, and lived as never man lived. He journeyed with him, he heard his conversation, he listened to his prayers — and was present at his impressive public discourses. He was privileged to hear from the lips of Immanuel such remarkable directions as these — Lay not up for yourselves treasures in heaven, for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also — Sell that ye have and give alms; provide yourselves bags that wax not old, a treasure in heaven that putteth not away. But it is not possible, nor necessary to repeat all that he heard against covetousness, and yet he cherished a covetous, avaricious spirit to the last. How constantly was he reminded that the heart is chiefly respected by God; and yet he ventured to be a heartless deceiver unto the end. He could mock the heart-searching Savior with expressions of affectionate attachment — could say, Hail master, and kiss him, when he was intent only on delivering him into

the hands of his murderers. If he could remain such, and conduct thus, in the family of Christ, can it be supposed that heaven itself can cure the obstinate sinner *morally*. May it not have been one reason why the Savior gave this abandoned man a place in his house-hold, that it might be seen how powerless are all means of themselves to effect any desirable change in the nature and temper of man's heart. Many are called, but few are chosen. Multitudes enjoy in a signal degree the means of salvation, but only here and there one is manifestly a saved sinner. Let this truth come to unconverted persons, with awakening emphasis. They can remain the enemies of God in the midst of his most devoted friends. — They can retire from acts of external worship with the disciples of Christ and go away to commune with his enemies. They can withdraw from places dreadful with his gracious presence, and go to hold eternal communion with the lost in their own *place*.

We see from this subject that the most sacred offices may be filled by those who are insincere and heartless. In some respects, the office which Judas occupied, was more sublimely sacred, than the existing office of the Christian ministry. He was numbered with the disciples of our Lord, and had obtained part of their ministry. It was an office to which was attached the gifts of miracles. But while he filled it he was a devil in temper. He wrought miracles, but would not himself be converted by a miracle of mercy. He preached repentance, but would not himself repent. He understood the mystery of redemption, but cherished the mean-while the work of the mystery of iniquity within his own bosom. He was the means of saving others, but was himself a cast-away. While he led others to Christ for salvation, he was himself active in having Christ led away to be destroyed by his enemies. It would be the height of the blindest pre-presumption, to suppose that he is the only

reputedly evangelical minister that has perished. His affecting example teaches us that there is nothing in the office to prevent so disastrous an end. It has taught us, that it is possible for even the apparently active and self-denying to be cast away and lost. And the history of Christianity entirely concurs with this testimony. O! how many have professed to receive the truth, and for a season have appeared to be ruled by it, who have at length evinced that they never had truth in the inward part. To gain a name among the celebrated of the earth, has induced not a few nominal ministers of the despised Jesus to sell their principles, their peace, the Savior, and their souls. And what can give inward purity to such; and snatch them from the ruinous tide! Not the badges of their hallowed office, — not the holy functions they hypocritically perform; not the long prayers they may offer.

O, wretched! forever lost! forever curst!
Whom mammon thus embraces; none can wake

Their conscience from its lethargy ; none
Can stop the courses of that baleful dreg,
And stem the swift destruction!

Christian friends, how does he discover our case to be? Might he not say to us, as he did to his little circle of disciples, 'ye are clean but not all.' O! if the same scene were acted over again, and the same token of insincerity and treachery given us, as on the same night in which he was betrayed; how many of us having received the sop, would be hastening immediately out? If any of us have betrayed our Lord by a groveling and avaricious devotion to mammon, let us bring forth our execrable gains to those with whom we may have bargained him away, confess our guilt — sincerely repent and then come and hang our souls on the bosom of bleeding love. Here we can safely rest. Here in communion large, and high, and everlasting, we may sweetly and joyfully mingle. Nothing can tear away the penitent, confiding soul from Christ. Nothing can disturb its peace; embitter its pleasures, or blast its hopes!

CHAPTER XVI.

In the Sabbath school department, my minister took a deep interest — and often from the pulpit he enforced the obligations of parents to bring up their children under the religious influence of this institution. 'Each Sabbath school class,' said he, 'is a little church; and the teacher is as much bound to be faithful to his charge, as the pastor of a church is to his flock. And O, if a teacher is faithful, what incalculable blessings will result from his labors!' And surely no one should engage in this employment, unless he is willing to labor and pray with that zeal and earnestness which the cause demands. For, it may be, that on an individual's exertions, may rest the salvation of hundreds of souls. And if he is not careful to perform his duty to the immortals committed to his care, what ex-

cuse can he plead before Him whom he must one day meet to answer for the deeds done in the body?

The following was written by my minister on a visit to the grave of a dear friend.

It was an hour of anguish, and yet dear
To one long nurtured in the school of woe;
For then he came to shed the *farewell tear*,
O'er the lone grave of all he loved below.
Thither how oft had come with no vain show
Of grief; — it was a luxury to pour
Affection's tears; and now when forced to go,
Where he could pass her grass-grown grave no more,
He came to weep adieu, to mournful pleasure o'er.

Already had he known a pang more keen,
Than the first rush of dark affliction's storm.
It was the sorrow of that parting scene,
When lowly bending o'er that clay-cold form
Of youthful spouse — all coffined for the worm,
He gazed farewell, and tore himself away,
To see her now no more, till flames deform
Material things, and from blank ruin's sway
Creation rise, and smile, mid Heaven's own day.

Yet had he solace in his early grief —
The dear, lone spot, where her loved ashes lie,
Gave to his stricken, widowed heart relief;
Chastened his sorrow, while it woke a sigh;
Told she was gone — yet spoke her presence nigh,

While there he hoped to rest his weary frame.
Ah! swift all bliss in earth-born hopes must fly; —
In bitter loneliness of soul, he came,
To kindle at her grave deep sorrow's wasteful flame.

Autumn and eve blended their kindred reign,
And silent spread their gloomy vestments far;
Low in the west, first in night's shining train,
Beamed the soft splendor of the vesper star.
It was an hour that stills the daily jar
Of busy life — when those who live to mourn,
And those careering in soft pleasure's car,
With like emotions from the heart, do scorn
The toys and low delights of this dark world's sojourn.

The cold white marble felt his throbbing breast,
While burning thoughts were crossing thro' his mind;
Her former sufferings, present endless rest;
His loss, her gain, in happiness refined;
The hope of that bright world where friends are joined;
The wreck of hopes, too, fondly cherished here;
Professed friends, proud, heartless and unkind;
Experience large of sympathies sincere.
These came upon his mind, and gushed the falling tear.

He thought how soon around her rural bed,
Yon busy dwellers, summoned one by one,
Must come, and lowly lay the unconscious head,
Where congregated thousands sleep alone.
He thought of those who with a heart of stone,
Had spurned his message and himself away;
And those who loved him for his labors done,

Must soon commingle their unconscious clay,
And be themselves disclosed in truth's unquenching ray.

His widowed heart a *pastor's* trials felt —
Yet felt forgiveness for each injury borne;
With prostrate soul beside the grave he knelt,
And from a bosom by affliction torn,
And taught the loss of earthly good to mourn,
Poured in deep silence agonizing prayer.
Forgotten were the hatred and the scorn,
But not the souls of those his recent care —
And as to heaven he looked, he hoped to meet them there.

Swift alternation of keen grief and joy
Forced hours to moments — mid devotion's flame
His spirit freed from earth-born woes alloy
Arose, and, though still on her mouldering frame,
He wept, loud sobbing oft her cherished name.
There was a deepning calmness in his soul,
From the lone grave he turned — not as he came,
For was it thought as he surveyed the pole,
Or had earth passed away, or was the heavens a scroll?

CHAPTER XVII.

As I have often said before, my minister was a very humble man. He was a man low in his own eyes — 'less than the least

of saints.' Many evidences of this Christian trait of character were often developing themselves. A few weeks before he died, while sitting on a council for the organization of a church, the candidates having been examined and retired, the moderator inquired of each member of the council, whether he was satisfied with the evidences of experimental piety exhibited by the candidates. When the question came to my minister, he raised his head, which had been reclined in deep reflection, and replied with affecting solemnity, 'I think it more probable that they will go to heaven, than that I shall.' During the whole process, he had evidently been applying to himself the questions, and test of Christian character, which were brought forward in the course of the examination. The truth is, he had an overwhelming view of human guilt, and of his own as a member of the human family; for his standard of Christian character, was unusually elevated.

Such an instance of deep humility is

rarely seen. It reminds us of the necessity of always being humbled at the feet of Jesus, and imitating his example who was meek and lowly in heart.

The following pretty effusion was written while the author was pursuing his studies in college.

There is a little fragile flower,
That low depending on its stem,
Is scarcely known beyond the bower,
Where all unconscious of its power,
It ever glows in dewy gem.

It *once* arose in towering pride,
And courted every passing gale,
Exulting, threw its odors wide,
Alluring to its gaudy side
The dwellers of its native vale.

But while it showed its tinsel glare,
At early dawn, or pensive even,
Not thinking that the world could bear
Another flower so sweet and fair —
'T was withered by the 'breath of heaven.'

Now from its root, this floweret grows,
But trembling at the gentlest breeze,
Its scent around a fragrance throws,
Unlike the lily or the rose,
With scarce a tint to charm or please.

Yet when with tempests breathing gloom,
Its tendrils from its stalk are riven,
O, then it spreads a varied bloom,
And pours abroad a rich perfume —
'T is nourished by the 'bread of heaven.'

And oft it droops its lovely head,
And breathes a fragrance to the sky,
When those, its glaring beauties led
To gaze upon its tints of red,
Will pass it now neglected by.

But what its name? the reader cries;
Its 'class and order' pray impart —
A plant exotic from the skies,
It blossoms here but never dies;
Its name is TENDERNESS OF HEART.

CHAPTER XVIII.

My minister was very solicitous that the reverence which is due to Deity, should always be given. It pained him exceedingly, when in the house of God he observed any thing like irreverence. He always desired that his congregation might feel it to be a sense of duty, to enter the sanctuary

with solemnity pervading their countenances. Sometimes, when he has observed a choir of singers manifest the least thoughtlessness, before engaging in the solemn service of singing a song of praise to God, it has caused him great uneasiness. 'I have been almost tempted to speak to them,' said he. None can tell how much his feeling soul was pained at this. And no less did it distress him, when, at the close of a Sabbath's services, he observed in his congregation a disposition to hurry away from the house of God. He thought it indicated a disposition tired with the services of the sanctuary, and a longing desire to be away from the house of God.

The following Ode was written for the anniversary of Washington's birth day, and sung on the occasion.

While free-born millions swell the song,
To hail this joyful day,
To Heaven sublimest strains belong —
To God the worship pay.

He gave our hero, statesman, sage,
And made him great and wise;

To Him let praise from every age,
In halleluiahs rise.

He armed our hero for the field,
To shake oppression's throne,
And made embattled legions yield —
Be praise to God alone.

He saw ambition, faction, pride,
O'er fair Columbia lower,
And sent great Washington our guide,
In freedom's darkest hour.

His fame shall live while ages roll
Their mighty spheres along;
Then let us join with voice and soul,
And raise to Heaven the song.

For all the deeds and counsels given
Of our immortal friend —
While thus we crowd the gate of Heaven,
To Heaven let thanks ascend.

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